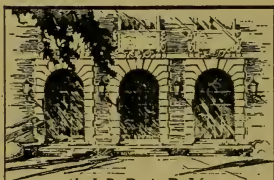


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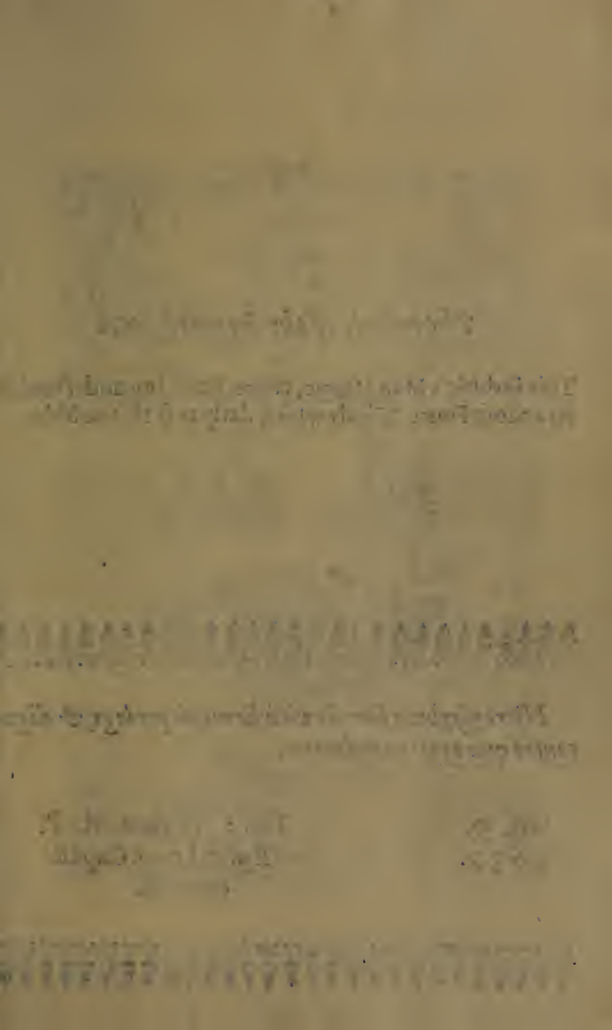
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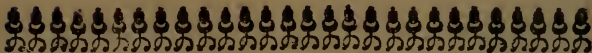
349 chem Sale





The minde of the Frontispeece.

This Bubble's Man : Hope, Feare, False Ioy and Trouble,
Are those Foure Winds which daily tosse this Bubble.



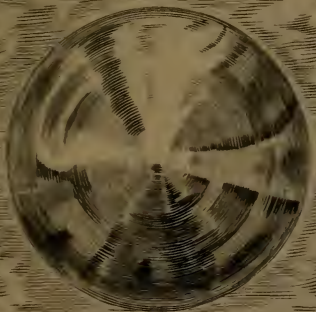
*Hieroglyphica hæc de vitâ hominis perlegi, & digna
censeo quæ typis mandentur.*

Ian. 9.
1637.

Tho : Wykes R. P.
Episc. Lond. Capell.
domest.



*Hieroglyphics
of the Life of Man*



Fra. Quarles

LONDON,
Printed by M. Fletcher, for John Marriot.

1 6 3 8.



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*Pictor adumbravit Vultum quem cernimus, æst hic
Non valet egregias pingere mentis Opes.
Has si scire cupis, sua consule Carmina, in illis
Dotes percipies pectoris eximias.*

*What heere wee see is but a Graven face,
Onely the shaddow of that brittle case
Wherin were treasur'd up those Gemms, which he
Hath left behind him to Posteritie. At: Rest.*
W.M sculp:

7221 ENO12175
Q291
T O
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
both in blood and virtue; and
most accomplisht LADIE,

M A R Y,

COVNTRESS OF DORSET;

LADY G O V E R N E S S ;

to the most Illustrious,

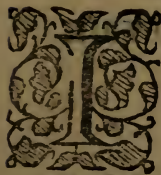
C H A R L E S,

Prince of great B R I T A I N, and

I A M E S,

Duke of Y O R K E.

Excellent Lady,



*Present these Tapours
to burne under the safe
Protection of your hono-*

A 4

orable

THE EPISTLE DEDICAT.

*rable Name : where, I presume,
they stand secure from the Damps
of Ignorance, and blasts of Cen-
sure : It is a small part of that a-
bundant service, which my thank-
full heart owes your incomparable
Goodness. Be pleased to honour it
with your noble Acceptance,
which shall bee nothing but what
your owne esteeme shall make it*

Madam

Your La^{pps}. most

humble servant

FRA: QUARLES.

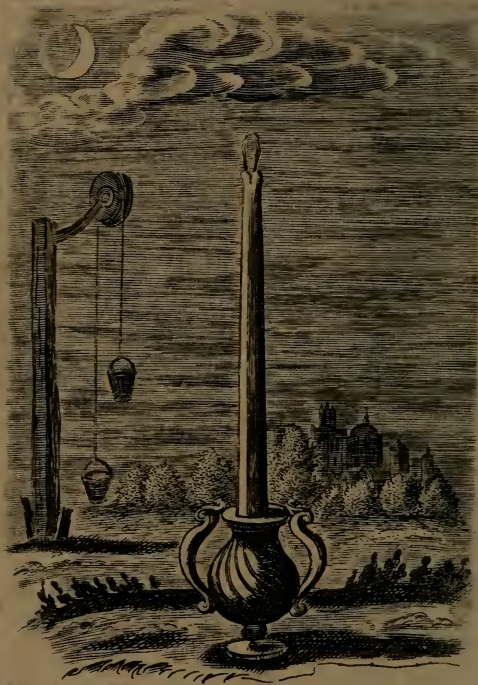
To the Reader.

IF you are satisfied with my *Emblems*, I here set before you a second service. It is an *Ægyptian* dish, dressed on the English fashion: They, at their Feasts, used to present a Deaths-head at their second course; This will serve for both: You need not feare a surfet: Here is but little; And that, light of digestion: If it but please your Palate, I question not your stomach: Fall too; and much good may't doe you.

Covivio addit Minerval. E.B.

*Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Relligionem,
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.*

B E N E V O L U S.



Sine Lumine inane.

*Behold I was shapen in Iniquity, and in sin
did my mother conceive me.*

PSAL. 51. 5.

MAN is mans A B C : There is none that can
Reade God aright, unless he first spell Man :
Man is the Stayres, whereby his knowledge
To his Creator; though it oftentimes (climes
Stumbles for want of light, and sometimes tripps
For want of carefull heed; and sometimes slips
Through unadvised hast; and when at length
His weary steps have reach'd the top, his strength
Oft fayles to stand; his giddy braines turne round;
And *Phaëton* like, falls headlong to the ground :
These stayres are often darke, and full of danger
To him whom want of practice makes a stranger
To this blind way : The Lamp of nature lends
But a false Light; and lights to her owne ends :
These be the wayes to Heav'n; These paths require
A Light that springs from that diviner fire
Whose humane soule-enlightning sunbeames dart
Through the bright Crannies of th'immortall part.
And here, thou great Originall of Light,
Whose error-chaceing Beames do unbenight
The very soule of Darkness, and untwist
The Clouds of Ignorance; do thou assist
My feeble Quill; Reflect thy sacred Rayes
Vpon these lines, that they may light the wayes
That lead to thee; So guide my heart, my hand,
That I may doe, what others understand :

Let my heart practice what my hand shall write ;
Till then, I am a Tapour wanting light.

This golden Precept, *Know thy selfe*, came downe
From heav'nshigh Court; It was an Art unknowne
To flesh and blood. The men of Nature tooke
Great Iournies in it; Their dim eyes did looke
But through a Mist; Like Pilgrims they did spend
Their idle steps, but knew no Iournies end :
The way to Know thy selfe, is first to cast
Thy fraile beginning, Progresse, and thy Last :
This is the Summe of Man : But now returne
And view this Tapour standing in this Vrne :
Behold her Substance, fordid, and impure,
Vseles and vaine, and (wanting light) obscure:
Tis but a Span at longest, nor can last
Beyond that Span; ordain'd, and made to wast :
Ev'n such was Man (before his soule gave light
To his vile substance) a meere Child of night;
Ere he had life, estated in his Vrne,
And markt for death; by nature, borne to burne:
Thus liveless, lightless, worthless first began
That glorious, that presumptuous thing, call'd Man.

St. AUGUST.

Consider o man what thou wert before thy Birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death : Thou wert made of an impure substance, cloathed and nourished in thy Mothers blood.

EPIG. I.

Forbear fond Tapour : What thou seek'st is Fire :
 Thy owne destruction's lodg'd in thy desire :
 Thy wants are farre more safe than their supply :
 He that begins to live, begins to die.



Nescius Unde .

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

*And God said, Let there bee light; and there
was light. GEN. 1. 3.*

THis flame-expecting Tapour hath, at length,
Received fyre; and, now, begins to burne:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no strength;
Apt to be puffed and quencht at ev'ry turne:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd (shroud
This snuffe with flame: But marke, this hand doth
It selfe from mortall eyes, and folds it in a Cloud.

2.

Thus man begins to live; An unknowne flame
Quickens his finisht Organs; now, posselt
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active soule, though in a feeble brest:
But how, and when infus'd, ask not my Pen;
Here flies a Cloud before the eyes of men:
I can not tell thee, how; nor canst thou tell mee, when.

3.

Was it a parcell of celestiall fire,
Infus'd, by Heav'n, into this fleshly mould?
Or was it (thinke you) made a soule entire?
Then; was it new created? Or of old?
Or is't a propagated Spark, rak'd out
From Natures embers? While we goe about,
By reason, to resolve, the more we raise a doubt.

4.

If it be part of that celestiall Flame,
It must be ev'n as pure, as free from spot
As that eternall fountaine whence it came:
If pure, and spotless; then, whence came the blot?
It selfe, being pure, could not it selfe defile;
Nor hath unactive Matter pow'r to soile
Her pure and active Forme, as Iarrs corrupt their Oyle.
Or

5.

Or, if it were created, tell me, when ?

If in the first six dayes, where kept till now ?

Or, if the soule were new created, then

Heav'n did not all, at first, he had to doe :

Six dayes expired, all Creation ceast,

All kinds, even from the greatest to the least

Were finish't, and compleat, before the day of Rest.

6.

But why should Man, the Lord of Creatures, want

That priviledge which Plants and Beasts obtaine ?

Beasts bring forth Beasts, the Plant a perfect Plant ;

And every like brings forth her like againe :

Shall fowles, and fishes, beasts and plants convey

Life to their issue ? And Man lesse than they ?

Shall these get living soules ? And Man, dead lumps of

7.

(clay ?

Must humane soules be generated then ?

My water ebbs ; behold, a Rock is nigh :

If Natures worke produce the soules of men,

Mans soule is mortall : All that's borne must die.

What shall we then conclude ? What sun-shine will

Disperse this gloomy cloud ? Till then, be still,

My vainely striving thoughts ; Lie down, my puzzl'd quill.

ISODOR :

ISODOR.

*Why deest thou wonder, ô man, at the height of the Starres? or
the depth of the Sea? Enter into thine owne soule, and wonder there.*

The soule by creating is infused; by infusion, created.

EPIG. 2.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou knowst not how, nor when, nor whence it came;
Poore kind of happiness, that can returne
No more accompt but this, to say, *I burne!*



Quo me cunq; rapit.

Will: Marshall. sculp: it.

The wind passeth over it and it is gone.

PSAL. 103. 16:

NO sooner is this lighted Tapour set
 Vpon the transitory Stage
 Of eye-bedarkning night,
 But it is straight subjected to the threat
 Of envious windes, whose wastfull rage
 Disturbs her peacefull light,
 And makes her substance wast, and makes her flame lesse
 2. (bright,

No sooner are we borne, no sooner come
 To take possession of this vast,
 This soule-afflicting earth;
 But Danger meets us at the very wombe,
 And Sorrow with her full mouthd blast,
 Salutes our painefull birth,
 To put out all our Ioyes, and pufte out all our mirth.

3.
 Nor Infant Innocence, nor childish teares,
 Nor youthfull wit, nor manly power,
 Nor politick old age,
 Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows prayers,
 Nor lowely Cell, nor lofty Tower,
 Nor Prince, nor Peere, nor Page
 Can scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage;

4.
 Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts;
 And ev'ry blast brings forth a feare;
 And ev'ry feare, a death;
 The more it lengthens, ah, the more it wasts:
 Were, were we to continue here
 The dayes of long lif'd *Seth*,
 Our sorrowes would renew, as we renew our breath:

5.

Tost too and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
 With ev'ry puffe, with every Tide
 Offself-consuming Care ;
 Our peacefull flame, that would point up to heav'n,
 Is still disturb'd, and turn'd aside ;
 And ev'ry blast of Ayre
 Commits such wast in man, as man can not repaire.

6.

W'are all borne Detters, and we firmly stand
 Oblig'd for our first Parents Det,
 Besides our Interest ;
 Alas we have no harmeles Counterband,
 And we are, ev'ry hou'r, beset
 With threatnings of Arrest,
 And till we pay the Det, we can expect no Rest.

7.

What may this sorrow-shaken life present
 To the false relish of our Tast,
 That's worth the name of sweet ?
 Her minits pleasure's choakt with discontent,
 Her glory foyld with ev'ry blast ;
 How many dangers meet
 Poore man, betwixt the Biggin and the Winding sheet !

St. AUGUST:

In this world, not to bee griev'd, not to bee afflicted, not to bee in danger, is impossible.

Ibid.

Behold; the world is full of troubles; yet, beloved; what if it were a pleasing world? How would't thou delight in her Calmes, that can't so well endure her stormes?

EPIG. 3.

Art thou consum'd with soule-afflicting crosses?
 Disturb'd with griefe? annoy'd with worldly losses?
 Hold up thy head; The Tapour lifted high
 Will brook the wind, when lower Tapors dyc,



Curando Labascit.

The whole need not the Physician.

MAT. 9. 12.

Alwaies pruning? alwaies cropping?
 Is her brightnesse still obscur'd?
 Ever dressing? ever topping?
 Alwaies curcing? never cur'd?
 Too much snuffing makes a waste;
 When the spirits spend too fast,
 They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

2.

You that alwaies are bestowing
 Costly paines in lifes repairing,
 Are but alwaies overthrowing
 Natures worke, by overcaring:
 Nature meeting with her Foe,
 In a work she hath to doe,
 Takes a pride to overthrow.

3

Nature knowes her owne perfection,
 And her pride disdaines a Tutor,
 Cannot stoope to Arts correction,
 And she scornes a Coadjutor;
 Saucy Art should not appeare
 Till she whisper in her eare:
Hagar flees, if *Sara* beare.

4.

Nature worketh for the better,
 If not hindred, that she cannot;
 Art stands by as her Abettor,
 Ending nothing she began not;
 If distemper chance to seize,
 (Nature foyl'd with the disease)
 Art may helpe her if she please.

B 4

But

5.

But to make a Trade of trying
 Drugs, and Doses, always pruning,
 Is to dye, for feare of dying;
 Hee's untun'd, thats alwaies tuning.
 He that often loves to lack
 Deare bought Drugs, has found a Knack
 To foyle the man, and feede the Quack.

6.

O the sad, the fraile Condition
 Of the pride of Natures glory !
 How infirme his Composition !
 And, at best, how Transitory !
 When his Ryot doth impayre
 Natures weaknes, then his care
 Adds more ruine, by repaire.

7.

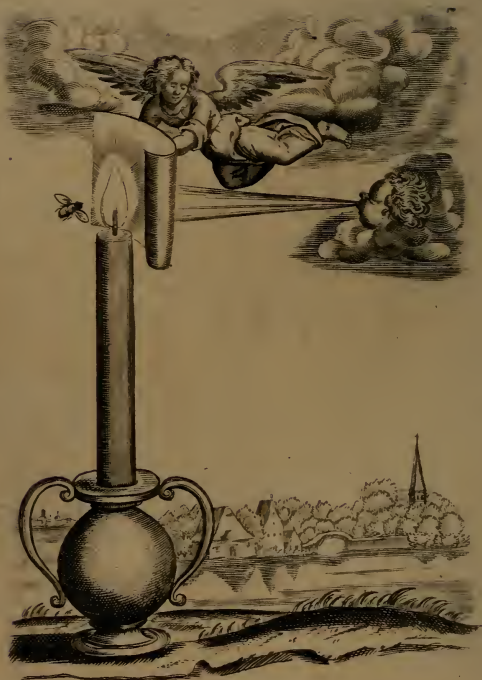
Hold thy hand, healths Deare maintainer,
 Life perchance may burne the stronger :
 Having substance to sustaine her,
 She, untoucht, may last the longer :
 When the Artist goes about
 To redress her flame, I doubt,
 Oftentimes he snuffes it out.

NICOCLES

Physitians of all men are most happy; w^h at good successe soever they have, the world proclaimes, and what faults they commit, the earth covers.

EPIG. 4.

My purse be'ng heavy, if my *Light* appeare
But Dimme, *Quack* comes to make all cleare;
Quack, leave thy trade; Thy Dealings are not right,
Thou tak'st our weighty gold, to give us *light*.



Te auxiliante resurgo .

Will. Marshall. sculpsit.

*And hee will give his Angels charge over
thee. PSAL. 91.*

O How mine eyes could please themselves, and spend
Perpetuall Ages in this precious sight !
How I could woo Eternity, to lend
My wasting day an Antidote for night !
And how my flesh could with my flesh contend,
That views this object with no more delight !
My work is great, my Tapour spends too fast :
'Tis all I have, and soone would out. or wast,
Did not this blessed Screene protect it from this blast.

2.

O, I have lost the Jewell of my soule,
And I must finde it out, or I must dye .
Alas ! my sin-made darknes doth controule
The bright endeavours of my carefull eye :
I must goe search, and ransack ev'ry hole ;
Nor have I other light to seek it by :
O if this light be spent, my work not done,
My labour's worse than lost; my Jewell's gone,
And I am quite forlorne, and I am quite undone.

3.

You blessed Angels, you that doe enjoy
The full fruition of eternall Glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy such a Toy
As man, and quit your glorious Territory,
And stoop to earth, vouchsafing to imploy
Your cares to guard the dust that lies before yee ?
Disdaine you not these lumps of dying Clay,
That, for your paines, doe oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not disdaine, and send you griev'd away ?

This

This Tapour of our lifes, that once was plac'd
 In the faire Suburbs of Eternity,
 Is now, alas, confin'd to ev'ry blast,
 And turn'd a *May-pole* for the sporting *Fly*;
 And will you, sacred *Spirits*, please to cast
 Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
 How had this slender Inch of Tapour beene
 Blasted, and blaz'd, had not this heav'nly *Screene*
 Curb'd the proud blast, and timely stept betweene!

5.

O Goodness, farre transcending the report
 Of lavish tongues! too vast to comprehend!
 Amazed Quill, how farre dost thou come short
 T'express expressions, that so farre transcend!
 You blessed Courtiers of th'eternall Court,
 Whose full-mouth'd Hallelujahs have no end,
 Receive that world of praises that belongs
 To your great Sov'raigne; fill your holy tongues
 With our Hosannas, mixt with your Seraphick Songs.

St. BERN.

*If thou desirest the helpe of Angels, flee the comforts of the world,
and resist the Temptations of the Devill.*

*He will give his Angels charge over thee? O what reverence, what
love, what confidence deserves so sweet a saying? For their presence,
reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.*

EPIG. 5.

*My flame, art thou disturb'd, diseas'd, and driv'n
To Death with stormes of griefe? Poynt thou to heav'n:
One Angel, there, shall ease thee more, alone,
Then thrice as many thousands of thy owne.*



Tempus erit.

viz. Marshall sculpsit.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

ECCLES. 3. 1.

Time.

Death.

Time. **B**Ehold the frailty of this slender snuffe;
 Alas it hath not long to last:
 Without the helpe of either Thiefe, or puffe,
 Her weaknes knowes the way to wast:
 Nature hath made her Substance apt enough
 To spend it selfe, and spend too fast:
 It needs the help of none,
 That is so prone
 To lauish out, untoucht, and languish all alone.

2.

Death. *Time*, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow pac'd
 Thy idle Minits make no way: (Sand;
 Thy glasse exceeds her how'r, or else does stand,
 I can not hold; I can not stay;
 Surcease thy pleading, and enlarge my hand
 I surfet with too long delay:
 This brisk, this boldfac'd Light
 Does burne too bright;
 Darkness adorne my throne; my day is darkest

3.

(night.

Time. Great Prince of darknesse, hold thy needles hand;
 Thy Captiv's fast, and can not flee:
 What arme can rescue? Who can countermand,
 What pow'r can set thy Pris'ner free?
 Or if they could, what close, what forrein land
 Can hide that head, that flees from Thee?
 But if her harmeles light
 Offend thy sight, (thine at night?
 What needst thou snatch at noone, what will be
 I have

4.

Death. I have outstaid my patience ; My quick Trade
 Growes dull and makes too slow returne :
 This long-liv'd det is due, and should bin paid
 When first her flame began to burne :
 But I have staid too long, I have delayd
 To store my vast, my craving Vrne.
 My Patent gives me pow'r,
 Each day, each how'r, (ly Tow'r.
 To strike the Peasants thatch, and shake the Prince-

5.

Time. Thou count'st too fast : Thy Patent gives no Pow'r
 Till *Time* shall please to say, *Amen.* (How'r?
Death. Canst thou appoint my shaft ? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. Tis I bid, doe : *Time.* Tis I bid, When.
 Alas, thou canst not make the poorest Flow'r
 To hang the drooping head, till then :
 Thy shafts can neither Kill,
 Nor strike, untill
 My power give them wings, and pleasure arme thy will:

St. AUGUST.

Thou knowest not w^h at Time he will come : wait alwaies, that because thou knowest not the time of his coming, thou maiest be prepared again^t the time he comes. And for this, perceiue, thou knowest not the Time, because thou maiest be prepared again^t all times.

EPIG. 6.

Expect, but feare not Death : Death cannot Kill,
 Till *Time*, (that first must seale her Patent) will :
 Wouldst thou live long ? Keepe *Time* in high esteeme ;
 Whom, gone, if thou canst not recall, redeeme.

C



Nec sine, nec Tecum .

Will Marshall sculpsit

*His light shall be dark, and his candle shall be
put out. I O B 18. 6.*

VV Hat ayles our Tapour? Is her luster fled,
Or foyl'd? What dire disaster bred
This Change? that thus she vailes her golden head?

2.

It was but very now, she shin'd as faire
As *Venus* starre: Her glory might compare
With *Cynthia*, burnisht with her brothers haire.

3.

There was no Cave-begotten damp that mought
Abuse her beames; no wind, that went about
To breake her peate; no Puffe, to put her out.

4.

Lift up thy wondring thoughts, and thou shalt spy
A Cause, will cleare thy doubts, but cloud thine eye;
Subjects must vaile, when as their Sov'raign's by.

5.

Canst thou behold bright *Phæbus*, and thy sight
No whit impayr'd? The object is too bright;
The weaker yeelds unto the stronger Light.

6.

Great God, I am thy Tapour; Thou, my Sunne;
From thee, the Spring of Light, my Light begun;
Yet if thy Light but shine, my light is done.

7.

If thou withdraw thy Light, my light will shine;
If thine appeare, how poore a light is mine!
My light is darkness, if compar'd to thine.

8.

Thy Sun-beames are too strong for my weake eye;
If thou but shine, how nothing, Lord, am I!
Oh, who can see thy visage, and not die!

9.

If intervening earth should make a night,
My wanton flame would then shine forth too bright;
My earth would ev'n presume t' eclipse thy Light.

10.

And if thy Light be shadow'd, and mine fade,
If thine be dark, and my dark light decayd,
I should be cloathed with a double shade.

11.

What shall I doe? O what shall I desire?
What help can my distracted thoughts require,
That thus am wasting twixt a double Fire?

12.

In what a streight, in what a streight am I?
Twixt two extreames how my rackt fortunes lie?
See I thy face, or see it not, I die.

13.

O let the steame of my Redeemers blood,
That breaths fro' my sick soule, be made a Cloud,
T'interpose these Lights, and be my shroud.

14.

Lord, what am I? or what's the light I have?
May it but light my Ashes to their Grave,
And so from thence, to Thee? 'tis all I crave.

15.

O make my Light, that all the world may see
Thy Glory by't: If not, It seemes to me
Honour enough, to be put out by Thee.

*O Light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is utter darkness;
 so reflect upon my weakness, t. at all the world may behold thy strength:
 O Majesty incomprehensible, in respect of which my glory is meere
 shame, so shine upon my misery that all the world may behold thy
 glory.*

EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complaine, because thou art bereiv'n
 Of all thy light? Wilt thou vie Lights with Heav'n?
 Can thy bright eye not brooke the daily light?
 Take heed: I feare, thou art a Child of night.



Nec Virtus obscuripetit.

Will. Marshall sculpsit.

*Let your light so shine, that men seeing your
good workes may glorifie your Father which
is in Heaven. MAT. 5. 16.*

VAs it for this, the breath of Heav'n was blowne
Into the nostrils of this Heav'nly Creature ?
Was it for this, that sacred Three in One
Conspir'd to make this Quintessence of Nature ?
Did heav'nly Providence intend
So rare a Fabrick for so poore an end ?

2.

Was Man, the highest Master-peece of Nature,
The curious Abstract of the whole Creation,
Whose soule was copied from his great Creator,
Made to give Light, and set for Observation,
Ordain'd for this ? To spend his Light
In a darke-Lanthorne ? Cloystred up in night ?

;

Tell me, recluse Monastick, can it be
A disadvantage to thy beames to shine ?
A thousand Tapours may gaine light from Thee :
Is thy Light less, or worse for lighting mine ?
If, wanting Light, I stumble, shall
Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall ?

4.

Why dost thou lurk so close ? Is it for feare
Some busie eye should pry into thy flame,
And spie a Thiefe, or else some blemish there ?
Or being spy'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame ?
Come, come, fond Tapour shine but cleare,
Thou needst not shrink for shame, nor shroud for feare.

5.

Remember, O remember, thou wert set,
 For men to see the Great Creator by ;
 Thy flame is not thy owne : It is a Det
 Thou ow'st thy Maker ; And wilt thou deny
 To pay the Int'rest of thy Light ?
 And skulk in Corners, and play least in fight ?

6.

Art thou affraid to trust thy easie flame
 To the injurious waist of Fortunes puffe ?
 Ah, Coward, rouze ; and quit thy selfe, for shame ;
 Who dies in service, hath liv'd long enough :
 Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,
 Vsurps himselfe, and closely robbs his Maker.

7.

Take not thy selfe a Pris'ner, that art free :
 Why dost thou turne thy Palace to a laile ?
 Thou art an Eagle ; And befits it thee
 To live immured, like a cloysterd Snaile ?
 Let Foies seeke Corners : Things of cost
 Gaineworth by view : Hid Jewels are but lost.

8.

My God, my light is dark enough at lightest,
 Encrease her flame, and give her strength to shine :
 Tis fraile at best : Tis dimme enough at brightest,
 But 'tis her glory to be foyld by Thine.
 Let others lurke ; My light shall be
 Propos'd to all men ; and by them, to Thee.

ST. BERN.

If thou be one of the foolish Virgins, the Congregation is necessary for thee; If thou be one of the wise Virgins, thou art necessary for the Congregation.

HUGO.

Monasticks make Cloysters to inclose the outward man, O would so God they would doe the like to, restrain the inward man.

EPIG. 8.

Affraid of eyes? What, still play least in sight?
Tis much to be presum'd all is not right:
Too close endeavours, bring forth dark events:
Come forth, *Monastick*; Here's no Parliaments.



Vt Luna Infantia torpet .

Will: Marshall. sculpsit .

He cometh forth like a Flower and is cut downe.

I O B 14. 2.

1.

Behold

How short a span
Was long enough, of old,
To measure out the life of Man !
In those wel temper'd days his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

2.

Alas

And what is that ?
They come & slide and pass
Before my Pen can tell thee, what.
The Posts of Time are swift, which having run
Their sev'n short stages 'ore, their short liv'd task is don.

3.

Our daies

Begun, wee lend
To sleepe, to antick plaies
And Toyes, untill the first stage end:
12. waining Moons, twise 5. times told, we give
To unrecover'd loss: Wee rather breathe, then live.

4.

Wee spend

A ten years breath,
Before wee apprehend
What is to live, or feare a death:
Our childish dreams are fil'd with painted joys,
W^{ch} please our sense a while; & waking, prove but Toies.
How

5.

How vaine,

How wretched is

Poore man, that doth remain

A slave to such a State as this !

His daies are short, at longest ; few, at most ;

They are but bad , at best ; yet lavisht out , or lost.

6.

They bee

The secret Springs,

That make our minits flee

On wheels more swift thē Eagles wings:

Our life's a Clocke, and ev'ry gaspe of breath

Breathes forth a warning grief, til *Time* shal strike a death

7.

How soone

Our new-born Light

Attaines to full-ag'd noone !

And this, how soon to gray-hayr'd night?

Wee spring, we bud, we blossome, and we blast

E're we can count our daies ; Our daies they flee so fast.

8.

They end

When scarce begun ;

And ere wee apprehend

That we begin to live, our life is don :

Man, Count thy daies ; And if they flee too fast

For thy dull thoughts to count, count ev'rie day thy last.

Our Infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time what differ we from beasis, but by a possibility of reason, and a necessity of sinne?

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the Image of God appeares in the act of his Reason, but the Devill blurres it in the corruption of his will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit Man.

Thus was the first seav'nth part of thy few daies
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in Toyish plaies :
Knowst thou what teares thine eies imparted then?
Review thy losse, and weep them o're agen.



Vt Luna Infantia torpet .

W. Marshall. sculpsit .

His bones are full of the sinnes of his youth.

IOB 20. 11.

1.

THe swift-foot Post of Time hath now begun
His second Stage ;
The dawning of our Age
Is lost and spent without a Sun:
The light of Reason did not yet appeare
Within th' Horizon of this Hemispheare.

2.

The infant Will had yet none other guide;
But twilight Sense ;
And what is gayn'd from thence
But doubtfull Steps, that tread aside ?
Reason now draws her Curtains; Her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

3.

Youths now disclosing Bud peeps out, and shewes
Her *Aprill* head;
And from her grasse greene bed,
Her virgin *Primerose* early blowes ;
Whil'st waking *Philomel* prepares to sing
Her warbling Sonets to the wanton Spring.

4.

His Stage is pleasant, and the way seemes short,
All strow'd with flowers ;
The daies appeare but howers,
Being spent in time-beguiling sport.
Here griefes do neither press, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither feare, to curb; nor care, to vex.

His

His downie Cheek growes proud, and now disdaines
 The Tutors hand;
 He glories to command
 The proud neckt Steed with prouder Reynes:
 The strong breath'd Horne must now salute his eare,
 With the glad downefall of the falling Deare.

6

His quicknos'd Armie, with their deepmouth'd sounds,
 Must now prepare
 To chase the tim'rous Hare
 About his, yet unmorgag'd, Grounds;
 The ev'll he hates, is Counsell, and delay,
 And feares no mischief, but a rainie day.

7.

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
 For bale, nor blisse;
 And late Repentance is
 The last deare Pen'worth that he bought:
 He is a daintie Morning, and he may,
 If lust'orecast him not, b'as faire a Day.

8.

Proud Blossom, use thy Time; Times headstrong Horse
 Will post away;
 Trust not the foll'wing day,
 For ev'rie day brings forth a worse:
 Take Time at best: Beleeve't, thy daies will fall
 From good, to bad; From bad, to worst of all.

St. A M B.

*Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired :
 when youth is vigorous, when strength is firme, when blood is hot,
 when Cares are strangers, when mirth is free, then Pride fixells, and
 humility is despised.*

EPIG. 10.

To the old Man.

*Thy yeares are newly gray ; His, newly Greene ;
 His youth may live to see what thine hath seene ;
 Hee is thy Parallel : His present Stage
 And thine, are the two Tropicks of Mans Age.*

D



Iam ruit in Venerem .

Will: Marshall: sculpsit .

Rejoyce O young man, and let thy heart cheare thee, but know, &c. ECCLES. II. 9.

How flux ! how alterable is the date
Of transitory things !

How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheelles of Fate !

How one Condition brings
The leading Prologue to an other State !

No transitory thing can last :
Change waits on Time; and Time is wing'd with hast
Time present's but the Ruins of Time past.

2.

Behold how Change hath incht away thy Span,
And how thy light does burne

Nearer and nearer to thy Vrne :
For this deare wast what satisfaction can

Injurious time returne
Thy shortned daies, but this; the Stile of Man ?
And what's a Man ? A cask of Care,
New tunnd, and working; Hee's a middle Staire
Twixt birth and death ; A blast of fulag'd Ayre.

3.

His brest is Tinder, apt to entertaine

The sparks of *Cupids* fire,
Whose new-blowne flames must now enquire
A wanton Iuillippe out, which may restraine

The Rage of his desire,
Whose painfull pleasure is but pleasing paine;
His life's a sicknes, that doth rise
From a hot Liver, whilst his passion lies
Expecting Cordials from his Mistress eyes,

Dz

His

4.

His Stage is strowd with Thornes, and deckt with
 His yeare sometimes *appeares* (Flowers;
 A Minic; and his Minits, *yeares*;
 His doubtfull Weather's sun-shine, mixt with *showers*;
 His traffique, *Hopes* and *Feares*:
 His life's a Medly, made of sweets and *sowers*;
 His paines reward is *Smiles*, and *Pouts*;
 His diet is faire language mixt with *Flouts*;
 He is a *Nothing*, all compos'd of *Doubts*.

5.

Doe; wast thy Inch, proud *Span* of living earth;
 Consume thy golden daies
 In slavish freedome; Let thy waies
 Take best advantage of thy frolick mirth;
 Thy Stock of Time decaies;
 And lavish plenty still foreruns a Dearth:
 The bird that's flowne may turne at last;
 And painefull labour may repaire a wast;
 But paines nor price can call thy minits past.

SEN.

Expect great joy when thou shalt lay downe the mind of a Child, and deserve the stile of a wise man ; for at those yeares childhood is past, but oftentimes childshness remaines, and what is worse, thou hast the Authority of a Man, but the vices of a Childe.

EPI G. II.

To the declining Man,

Why standst thou discontented ? Is not he
As equall distant from the Toppe as thee ?
What then may cause thy discontented frowne ?
Hee's mounting up the Hill ; Thou plodding downe :



Vt Sol ardore virilj .

Will. Marshall. sculpsit.

As thy daies, so shall thy strength be.

DEUT. 33. 25.

The Post
Of swift foot Time
Hath now, at length, begun
The Kalends of our middle Stage :
The number'd Steps that we have gone, do show
The number of those Steps wee are to goe:
The Buds and blossoms of our Age
Are blowne, decay'd, and gone,
And all our prime
Is lost ;
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to
(boast.

Ah mee !
There is no Rest ,
Our Time is alwaies fleeing:
What Rein can curb our headstrōg hours!
They pass away : They passe wee know not how:
Our *Now* is gone, before wee can say, *Now* :
Time past and futur's none of ours ;
That, hath as yet no Being ;
And This hath ceast
To bee :
What is, is onely ours: How short a Time have Wee !
D:4 And

And now
Apolloes care
 Expects harmonious strains,
 New minted frō the *Thracian* Lyre;
 For now the Virtue of the twiforkt *Hill*
 Inspires the raviht fancy, and doth fill
 The veines with *Pegasean* fire :
 And now, those sterill braines
 That cannot shew,
 Nor beare
 Some fruits, shall never weare *Apollo's* sacred Bow.

Excesse
 And surter uses
 To wait upon these daies:
 Full feed, and flowing cups of wine
 Conjure the fancy, forcing up a Spright,
 By the base *Magick* of deboyd delight;
 Ah pittie twileborne *Bacchus Vine*
 Should starve *Apollo's Bayes*,
 And drown those *Muses*
 That blesse
 And calm the peaceful soule, whē storms of cares oppres.

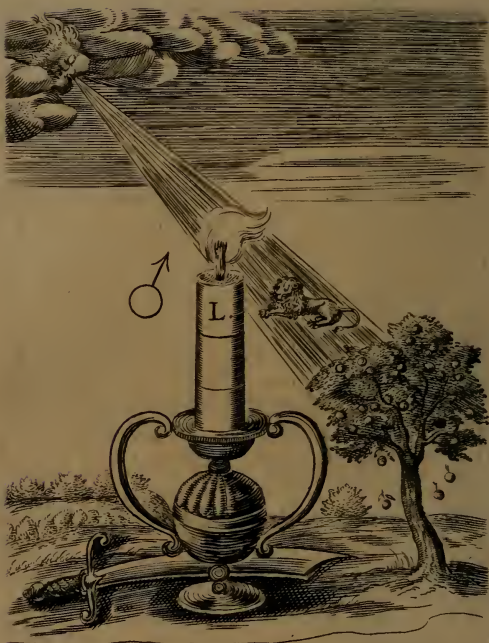
Strong light,
 Boast not those beames
 That can but onely rise,
 And blaze awhile, and then away :
 There is no *Solstice* in thy day;
 Thy midnight glory lies
 Betwixt th'extrems
 Of night,
 A Glory foyld with shame, and foold with false delight.

Hast thou climb'd up to the full age of thy few daies? Look backwards, and thou shalt see the frailty of thy youth; the folly of thy Childhood, and the waste of thy Infancy: Look forwards; thou shalt see, the cares of the world, the troubles of thy mind, the diseases of thy body.

EPIG. 12.

To the midle ag'd.

Thou that art prauncing on the lustie *Noone*
 Of thy full Age, boast not thy selfe too soone:
 Convert that breath to wayle thy fickle state;
 Take heed; thoult brag too soone, or boast too late.



Et Martem spirat et arma .

Will. Marshall. sculpsit .

Hee must encrease, but I must decrease.

IOH. 3. 30.

Time voyds the Table: Dinner's done;
 And now our daies declining Sun
 Hath hurried his diurnall Loade
 To th' Borders of the Westerne roade;
 Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow Steeds,
 Now puffs and pants, and blowes and bleeds,
 And froths, and fumes, remembring still
 Their lashes up th' Olympick Hill;
 Which, having conquerd, now disdain
 The whip, and champs the frothy reyn,
 And, with a full Career, they bend
 Their paces to their Iournies end:
 Our blazing Tapour now hath lost
 Her better halfe: Nature hath crost
 Her forenoone book, and cleard that score,
 But scarce gives trust for so much more:
 And now the gen'rous Sappe forsakes
 Her seir-grown twig: A breath ev'n shakes
 The down-ripe fruit; fruit soon divorc'd
 From her deare Branch, untouchd, unforc'd.
 Now sanguine *Venus* doth begin
 To draw her wanton colours in;
 And flees neglected in disgrace,
 Whil'st *Mars* supplies her lukewarm place:
 Blood turnes to Choler: What this Age
 Loses in strength it finds in Rage:
 That rich Ennamell, which of old,
 Damaskt the downy Cheeke, and told
 A harmeles guilt, unaskt, is now
 Worne off from the audacious brow;

Luxurious Dalliance, midnight Revells,
Loose Ryot, and those veniall evils
Which inconsiderate youth of late
Could pleade, now wants an *Advocate*,
And what appeard in former times
Whispring as *faults*, now roare as *crimes* :
And now all yee, whose lippes were wont
To drench their Currall in the Font
Of fork't *Parnassus*; you that be
The Sons of *Phœbus*, and can flee
On wings of Fancy, to display
The Flagge of high Invention, stay :
Repose your Quills; Your veines grow sower,
Tempt not your *Salt* beyond her power:
If your pall'd Fancies but decline,
Censure will strike at every line
And wound your names; The popular care
Weighs what you are, not what you were.
Thus hackney like, we tire our Age,
Spurgall'd with Change, from Stage to Stage.

Seest thou the daily light of the greater world? when attained to the highest pitch of Meridian glory, it staideth not, but by the same degrees, it ascended, it descends. And is the light of the lesser world more permanent? Continuance is the Child of Eternity, not of Time.

EP I G. 13.

To the young Man.

Young man, rejoyce; And let thy rising daies
Cheare thy glad heart; Thinkst thou these uphill waies
Leade to deaths dungeon? No : but know withall,
Arising is but Prologue to a Fall.



Invidiosa Senectus.

Will. Marshall. sculpsit.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

IOH. 12. 35.

1.

THe day growes old; The low pitcht Lamp hath made
 No lesse than treble shade :
 And the descending damp does now prepare
 T'uncurl bright *Titans* haire;
 Whose Westerne Wardrobe, now begins t'unfold
 Her purples, fring'd with gold,
 To cloathe his evening glory; when th'alarmes
 Of Rest shall call to rest in restless *Thetis* armes.

2.

Nature now calls to Supper, to refresh
 The spirits of all flesh ;
 The toying ploughman drives his thirsty Teames,
 To tast the slipp'ry Streames :
 The droyling Swineheard knocks away, and feasts
 His hungry-whining guests :
 The boxbill Ouzle, and the dappled Thrush
 Like hungry Rivals meet, at their beloved bush.

3.

And now the cold Autumnall dewes are seene
 To copwebbe every Greene ;
 And by the low-shorne Rowins doth appeare;
 The fast-declining yeare.
 The Sapless Branches d'off their summer Suits
 And waine their winter fruits :
 And stormy blast, have forc'd the quaking Trees
 To wrap their trembling limbs in Suits of mossie Freeze.
 Our

4.

Our wasted Tapour, now hath brought her light
 To the next dore to night ;
 Her sprightless flame, grown great with snuffe, does turn
 Sad as her neighb'ring Vrne:
 Her slender Inch, that yet unspent remaines,
 Lights but to further paines,
 And in a silent language bids her guest
 Prepare his wearie limbs to take eternall Rest.

5.

Now carkfull Age hath pitcht her painefull plough
 Vpon the furrow'd brow ;
 And snowie blasts of discontented Care
 Hath blancht the falling haire:
 Suspitious envie mixt with jealous Spight
 Disturb's his wearie night:
 He threatens youth with age : And, now, alas,
 He ownes not what he is, but vaunts the Man he was.

6.

Gray haire, peruse thy daies; And let thy past
 Reade lectures to thy last :
 Those hastie wings that hurri'd them away
 Will give these daies no Day:
 The constant wheelles of Nature scorne to tyre
 Vntill her worke expire :
 That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruine Thee ; (Tree.
 That hand that shooke the branch will quicklie strike the

St. CHRYS.

Gray hayres are honourable, when the behaviour suits with gray hayres : But when an ancient man hath childish manners, he becomes more ridiculous than a childe.

SEN.

Thou art in vaine attained to old yeares, that repeatest thy youthfulness.

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

Seeſt thou this good old man? He represents
Thy *Future*; Thou, his *Preterperfect* Tense;
Thou go'ſt to labour, He prepares to Rest:
Thou break'ſt thy Faſt; He ſuppes : Now which is beſt?

E



Plumbeus in terram .

Will Marshall sculpsit

*The dayes of our yeares are threescore yeares and
ten. PSAL. 90. 10.*

1.

SO have I seene th'illustrious *Prince* of Light
Rising in glorie from his *Crocean* bed,
And trampling downe the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conq'ring head,
Pause first; decline; at length, begin to shroud
His fainting browes within a cole black cloud.

2.

So have I seene a well built *Castle* stand
Vpon the Tiptoes of a lofty Hill,
Whose active pow'r commands both Sea and Land,
And curbs the pride of the *Belcag* rers will;
At length her ag'd Foundation failes her trust,
And layes her tottring ruines in the Dust.

3.

So have I seene the blazing *Tapour* shoot
Her golden head into the feeble Ayre;
Whose shadow-gilding Ray, spread round about,
Makes the foule face of black-brow'd darknesse faire;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate shades.

4.

Ev'n so this little world of living *Clay*,
The pride of *Nature*, glorified by *Art*,
Whom earth adores, and all her hosts obey,
Ally'd to Heav'n by his Diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decaies,
And worne by Age, Death cancells all his daies.

5.

That glorious *Sun*, that whilom shone so bright,
 Is now ev'n ravisht from our darkned eyes ;
 That sturdy *Castle*, man'd with so much might,
 Lyes now a Monument of her owne disguise :
 That blazing *Tapour*, that disdain'd the puffe
 Of troubled Ayre, scarce ownes the name of Snuffe.

6.

Poore bedrid *Man* ! where is that glory now,
 Thy Youth so vaunted ? Where that *Maiesty*
 Which sat enthron'd upon thy manly brow ?
 Where, where that braving Arme ? that daring eye ?
 Those buxom tunes ? Those *Bacchanalian* Tones ?
 Those swelling veynes ? those marrow-flowing bones ?

7.

Thy drooping *Glory's* blurrd, and prostrate lyes
 Grov'ling in dust ; And frightfull Horror, now,
 Sharpens the glaunces of thy gashfull eyes,
 Whilst feare perplexes thy distracted brow :
 Thy panting brest vents all her breath by groanes,
 And Death enervs thy marrow-wasted bones.

8.

Thus Man, that's borne of woman can remaine
 But a short time ; His dayes are full of sorrow ;
 His life's a *penance*, and his death's a *paine*,
 Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow ?
 His breath's a *bubble*, and his daies a *Span* :
 Tis glorious misery to be borne a *Man*.

C Y P R.

*When eyes are dimme, cares deafe, visage pale, teeth decayed, skin
withered; breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands
fumbling; feet sayling, the sudden downfall of thy fleshy house is
neare at hand.*

St. AUGUST.

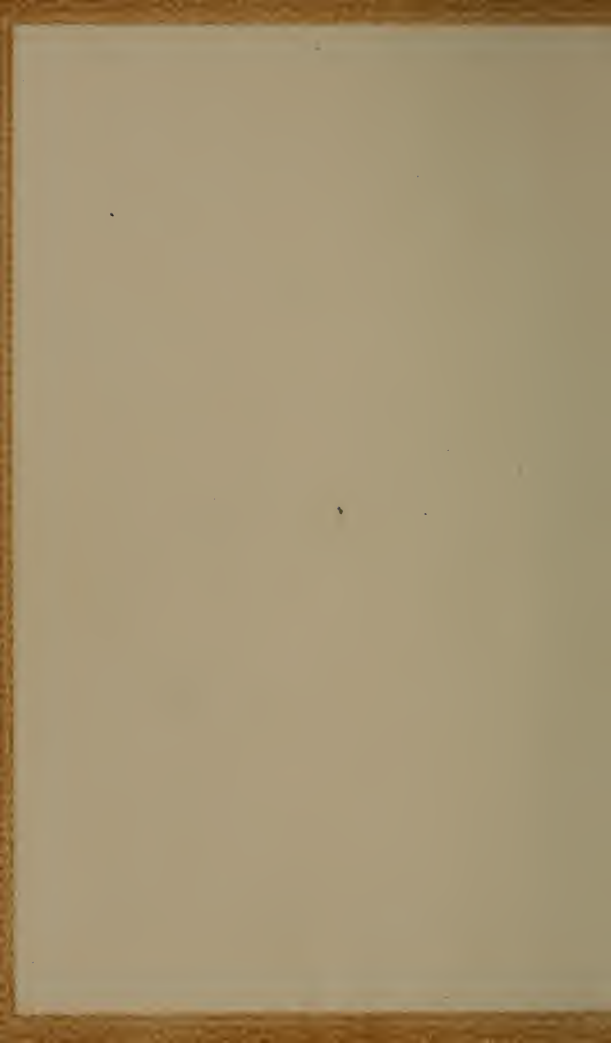
All vices wax old by Age: Covetousness alone, grows young.

EPIG. 15.

To the Infant.

*What he doth spend in groanes, thou spendst in teares:
Judgment and strength's alike in both your yeares;
Hee's helpless; so art thou; What difference than?
Hee's an old Infant; Thou, a young old Man.*

THE END.



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